

# THE INVASION OF CANADA



A FOUL CONSPIRACY  
BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY.

*An old Artilleryman*

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### A FOUL CONSPIRACY,

BY  
J. D. BROWN, JR.

### AN OLD ARTILLED MAN

PRICE 10 CENTS.

JOHN DANNY, PUBLISHER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
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The dynamite outrages that have caused such wide spread consternation in the city of London of late years ; the incipient revolutionary disturbances that have occurred from time to time throughout Europe and America, the recent attempted assassination of Captain Phelan in New York, are the outcome of the half strangled hydra, Fenianism, which manifested itself here in 1866. If the British government imagined then that it had beaten the life out of the monster that threatened to wrest one of the brightest jewels from the English Crown, it has reason to think differently now—it has, indeed, more cause than ever, at this moment, to tremble for the perpetuation of its colonial system.

Fenianism is to-day a thousand fold more vigorous than it ever was, and embraces in its ranks, not only the highest types of the Celtic race, but has drawn within its influences masses of the Anglo-Saxon, attracted thither from sheer force of sympathy and a repugnance to monarchical tyranny, that receives fresh impetus from new lights which are constantly flashing upon the minds of men, by means of the common school and unrestricted press ; and never before has this old world

had at its helm such powerful intellect, nor been swayed by such massive genius.

Education among what has been called the rabble, but which is in reality the bone and sinew of the race, appears for the first time in the history of our globe.

The giants of intellect and reason are appearing upon the earth, whose martyrdom ended from the bloody traditions of the past, recruited from the four corners of the world, and finds expression in that thrilling sentence

### "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

This is an age of conspiracy and the time is ripe for unveiling the hidden secrets of the past.

Reader—did you ever hear the particulars concerning the fall of Fort Hope and Colburg in 1870? or did you never hear that those Canadian towns surrendered to the Fenian invaders one quiet summer evening of a year when Irish patriots carried the green flag across the border? If you did not, then this bit of history may be refreshing as well as instructive, and at the same time be prophetic in its tendency and indicate your path like the shadow of coming events.

One quiet summer evening, three gentlemen sat upon the veranda of Craig's Hotel at Charlotte, N. Y. They were smoking their cigars and enjoying the cool evening breeze that came across the lake.

Two steamers lay at the dock in close proximity to the hotel. They were the opposition boats then making

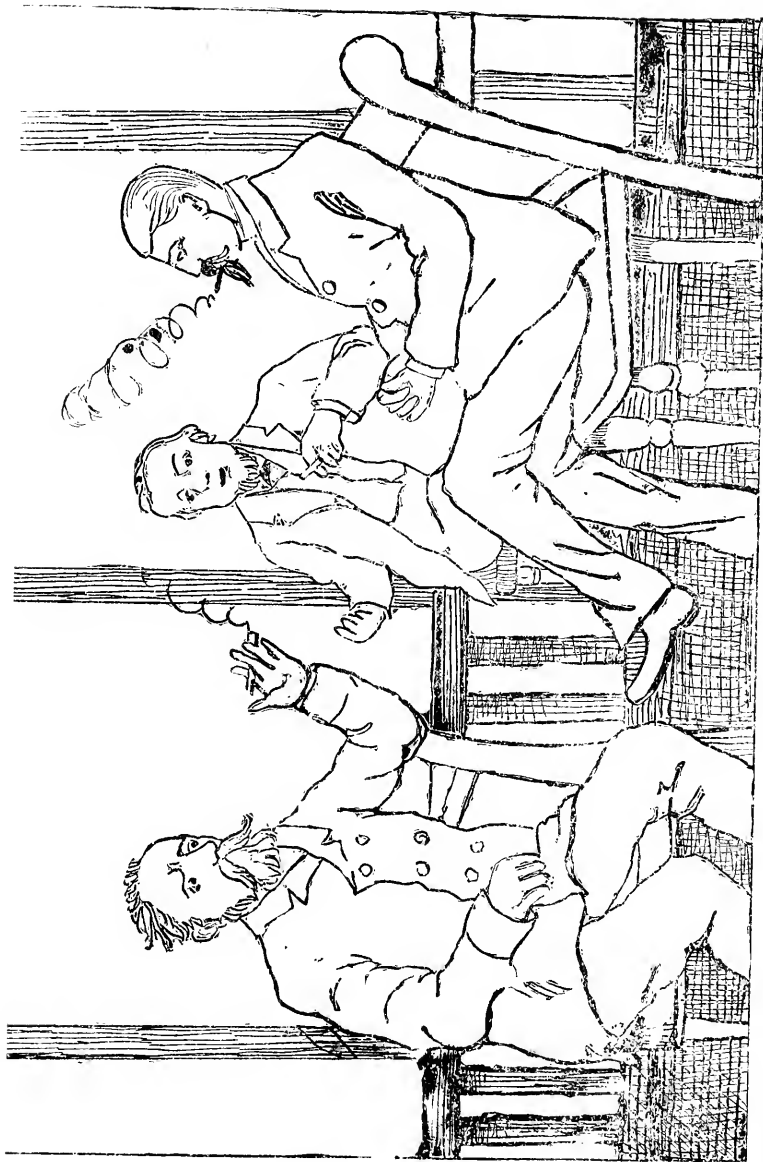
daily trips to Port Hope and Cobourg, and were named respectively the "Lion" and the "Tiger."

Two of the gentlemen above mentioned were officers of the "Lion," one being Captain Crystal, the commander, and the other, Charlie Craig, the agent. The third gentleman was an ex-Colonel of the U. S. volunteers, who had seen hard service during the rebellion, and was at the time resting on his laurels, and a resident of Rochester.

The steamer "Tiger" was owned by Mr. Beaver Hunter, of Cobourg, and was commanded by his son, Captain Pompey Maple, a young man whose bump of self-esteem was very prominent, and who seemed to imagine that Lake Ontario had been especially designed and created by Providence for the sole and exclusive navigation of his father's steamer. Consequently he had the greatest dislike, or rather hatred, of the steamer "Lion" and all connected with her, and truth to tell, the sentiment was fully reciprocated by his gallant rivals, who had made every effort, both fair and foul, to drive the young captain and his father's boat off the route.

There had been the usual war of rates between the two steamers, which threatened at one time to prove disastrous to both of them.

The invasion of Canada, in which these steamers took an active part, must be our excuse for drawing the reader's attention to them at this point of our narrative.



The Conspirators.



## A FOUL CONSPIRACY.

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As the blue smoke curled upwards from the cigars of Captain Crystal and the agent, the ex-Colonel, (Dobbs by name) was recounting his exploits of the war, and comparing the tremendous events of the great rebellion with the feeble demonstrations that had just taken place at Ridgeway, where the Fenians had given battle to the Canadian forces, with such poor success.

At the time of which we write, Canada was in a state of ferment, and the greatest disquietude prevailed throughout the Dominion on account of the hostile movements of the Fenians. The few Imperial troops at the disposal of the Canadian government were massed at certain points, leaving vast stretches of frontier absolutely unguarded.

The air was full of rumors concerning the movements of the invaders, and as is usual under such circumstances, were grossly exaggerated, and it is not surprising that the inhabitants along the shores of Lake Ontario, unprotected and isolated, should have been in very poor humor or condition to show fight.

In the course of his conversation, Colonel Dobbs remarked that he thought, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, the Canadians would prove themselves able to cope with the Fenian forces, especially as they (the

Canadians) had a well-disciplined Militia and a goodly number of Imperial troops, to say nothing of the moral power of great Britain at their back.

"Look, here," cried Craig, when the colonel ceased speaking, "I will lay you a wager I can capture Port Hope and Cobourg without firing a gun! I'll bet a new silk hat that the inhabitants of those towns will haul up a white flag in token of surrender at the approach of our steamer the next time she makes the trip, providing my instructions are carried out, and you will give me your co-operation in the matter."

"I'll take that bet," cried Captain Crystal. "I will co-operate with you," said Colonel Dobbs, "if you promise there shall be no blood shed in the affair, providing also you do not ask me to violate the laws too much."

"I give you my word of honor that not a drop of blood will be spilt on either side," replied Craig.

"That being the case," cried the colonel, "I will lend you all the assistance I can to enable you to win your bet. What do you want me to do?"

"You must obtain the co-operation of some military friend, and both of you appear in full regimentals, wearing as much gear on about you as possible. If you can get the uniforms of the Beersheva sharpshooters, it would be all the better, and report yourselves here to me at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon," said Craig.

"I hope you will not object to fall into line, Colonel," cried captain Crystal, laughing. "If there is any one

thing I stand in need of just now more than another, it is a new silk hat."

"Then," cried Craig, thumping his table with his fist, "if your only chance for a new hat lies in the outcome of this bet, you will never get one."

"I'll agree to do my part," said Colonel Dubs, "I'll fall into line."

"And if you win the bet, Craig," said the captain, "you can telegraph me at Toronto and pay the charges; I shall be there when you lose, and then Cape and Colbourg. I am going to the guns next morning, so that will detain me several days, and you must take full charge of the boat until I get back."

"Mark my words, captain," exclaimed Craig, with much energy, "you will get the telegram, and if you forget it," The three then separated.

At the appointed time Colonel Dubs and William Pfeifferheim, an old comrade in arms, appeared at Craig's hotel.

"Good day, gentlemen, you are on time, ha!" cried Craig, as the two entered the office of the hotel, "but where are your uniforms?"

"Here," replied the colonel, holding up a carpet bag and a long parcel containing a sword.

"Good," cried the agent, "Now go and get room no. and remain in the bed room until I return."

Craig then walked down to the dock where the steamers "Lion" and "Tiger" were lying, loading on board

he spoke in low tones to the mate, engineer, and ship's crew.

They all understood him and seemed to enter heartily into the great and solemn duties that were before them.

An almost melancholy smile marked the features of the agent, as he gravely and without the least sign of excitement, gave his orders.

Silently, one by one, the members of the crew entered the little apartment presided over the steward, from which they emerged wiping their mouths and looking as though they had just been put in possession of an important State secret.

When Craig had arranged matters satisfactorily on board his boat, he left, and immediately a large Irish flag was displayed in the bow of the "Lion," which lay about twenty feet from the stern of the "Tiger."

Pretty soon the crew of the latter came up and gazed with the utmost astonishment at the green flag, emblazoned with a golden harp, that swung proudly from the bow of the rival steamer; they couldn't imagine the meaning of it.

Young Captain Maple swaggered about the deck of his ship, damning the Irish and all who took stock in them. Said he :

"I'd rather hang the devil's tail at my bow than a dirty Irish rag—I would like to see the dozen Irishmen that I couldn't get away with in half a minute," etc.

Indeed, the young captain gave expression to a great deal of bombast, but he cooled down considerably upon

hearing the following dialogue between a man on the wharf and the purser of the steamer "Lion."

"I tell yer," cried the man on the wharf, "you do well to hang out the green flag, for there's ten thousand Fenians right over the hill, yonder!"

"Is that so?" replied the purser, pretending to be horribly frightened.

"That's so, by thunder! and there's going to be hell to pay and no pitch hot; they'll take every boat in the harbor," responded the man at the wharf.

Young Maple's knees began to tremble at hearing this talk and he hastened down the companion-way to go on shore and find out more, when he ran up against Colonel Dobbs and Major Shittleheim, both in uniform, wearing green plumes in their hats and trailing their steel-sabre swords on the ground, looking like a couple of field marshals.

The sight of these officers almost took the breath away from Captain Maple, and all he could say was, "Gord—a mighty!"

Looking fiercely at Maple, but not saying a word, Colonel Dobbs pulled out of his pocket a tape-line, and throwing one end of it to the major, said: "Let us see if those four big guns can be mounted on this deck!"

And then the two made a number of measurements and wrote them down in a note-book.

"Major!" at length shouted the colonel from the far end of the boat, "you will send down that heavy ord-



the Steamer "Tiger."

nance to-night: cut away port-holes in the sides of the steamer and make all ready. This boat will do admirably and will carry twenty or thirty men. Get the arms and ammunition aboard and put a guard on."

"Gentlemen?" at last cried Captain Maple. "I beg to inform you that I am captain and owner of this boat."

"Oh, you are—are you? What is your name, please?" cried the colonel looking at the captain through an eyeglass.

"My name is Maple," replied the young man trying to master his agitation.

"Put down that name in your book, major," cried the colonel. "Just will you, major?" said the colonel, saying, captured the steamer "Tiger," and is now commanded by Captain Maple?" and then turning to the captain he said jestingly, "Just make out a bill against the Fenian brotherhood for one steamer."

"But I don't want to sell out," replied the captain dismally.

"Then we'll seize it in the name of the Fenian army, and take you along with us," said the colonel. "And mark you: if you make any resistance we'll hang you to the yard-arm by your neck. So you had better keep a civil tongue in your head and wait till the guns and men are all aboard, now or now or nifty you can pilot us into Port Hope harbor."

So saying, the colonel and major stepped gradually on to the dock, leaving the captain and his crew dumb with amazement.

"Come along, major," cried the colonel in a loud, commanding voice; "we must get the guns aboard without delay. Let us go and give the necessary orders."

No sooner had the supposed Fenian officers departed, than several men (instigated by Charles Craig), went on board of the "Tiger," and loudly berated the captain for allowing his boat to be seized without making an effort to escape. "They've seized the 'Lion,'" said these men, "and put a guard on board. If you are not off in a few minutes a guard will be sent here also. Why the devil don't you get away?"

"I've got no steam up! How can I?" shouted the captain, shaking from head to foot.

"Let go your lines and push off into the stream, you darned fool, if you don't want to lose your boat," cried the men.

The skipper took the advice. Craig's emissaries jumped ashore, and in a few minutes the "Tiger" was floating slowly down the stream. The engineer started a fire to get up steam.

In the meantime Colonel Dobbs, the Major and Craig had got back to the hotel and were busy sampling a bottle or two of ale in an up stairs room and keeping an eye on the wharf.

Suddenly Craig cried, "There goes the 'Tiger!' She's off!" and the three gentlemen roared with laughter.

The colonel, who was on the point of filling a large wooden pipe with tobacco, immediately ran down stairs



and out towards a lumber pile upon a projecting point of land, close to which the steamer would have to pass. Mounting the wood pile, and as the 'Tiger' slowly passed within a few yards, the colonel pointed his tobacco pipe as though it were a pistol, and taking careful aim at Captain Maple, who stood in the wheel house, demanded his surrender under pain of instant death.

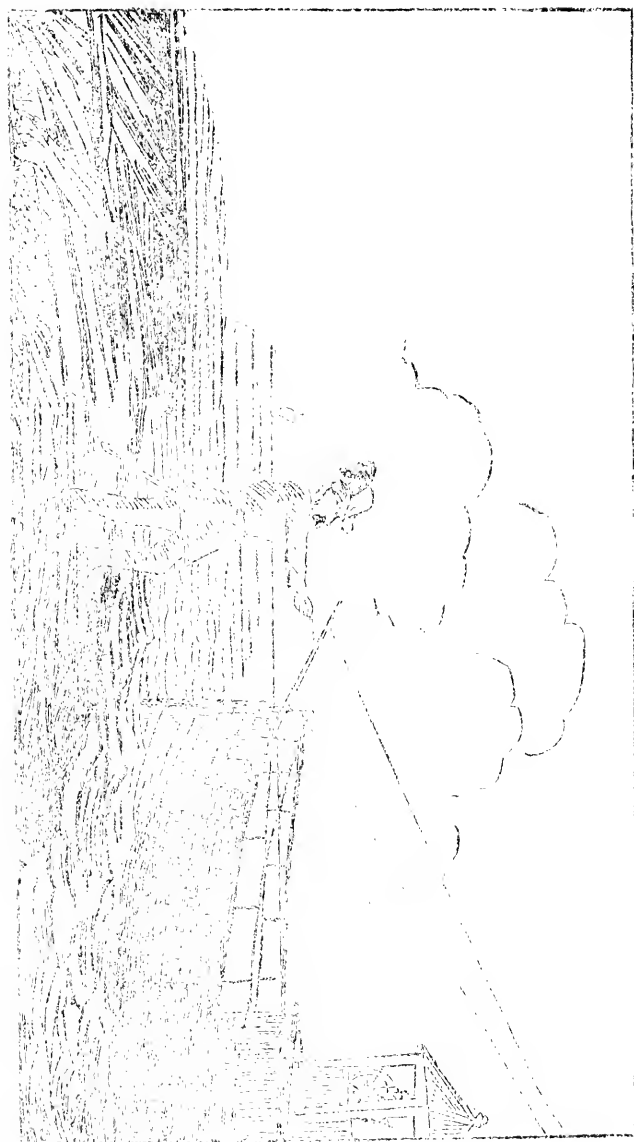
Captain Maple, upon discovering the colonel, and taking note of the deadly weapon he held in his hand, gave one scream and fell down in a fit.

In the course of a short time the engineer of the "Tiger" got up steam enough to paddle out into the lake.

The captain upon recovering from his fright determined to take a round about course. He was dismayed, however, when he remembered that the "Tiger" was almost out of coal. Indeed they had been on the point of taking on fuel when the supposed Fenian officers had surprised them.

In this dilemma there was nothing for it but to burn up everything in the way of barrels, doors, bunks, chairs, etc., which comprised the furniture and fixings of the steamer. All the steam possible was put on and the vessel made good headway. As night approached, in order to avoid being overtaken by the steamer "Lion," (which the captain fully believed was by that time manned and armed by the Fenians), no lights whatever were displayed on the "Tiger," and in the darkness she steamed like a phantom ship on the wide waters of Lake Ontario.

A view of the Fort of St. John.



Great was the joy of Captain Maple when, at break of day, no signs were visible of the enemies' gunboat, the "Lion," and with a feeling of exultation at having escaped from the clutches of the Fenians, he steered his vessel in the direction of Longbourg.

Upon arriving there he caused the greatest consternation among the inhabitants by informing them of his narrow escape. "Nothin' to say," said the captain, "but the heroic conduct of myself and crew saved us; after a hand-to-hand conflict we succeeded in beating back the Fenians who came to take possession of the 'Tiger.' I knocked the wind out of the commander and half a dozen staff officers of the Fenian army, while the crew repulsed the vigorous attack of the troops. They were glad to get off the boat and run for their lives, where we got up steam and escaped.

"The 'Lion,'" continued the valliant captain, "is now in the hands of the Fenians, and is on its way to bombard Port Hope and this town, having on board a number of heavy cannon and lots of troops."

This news spread like wild fire, and in a few minutes the wires flashed it in an exaggerated form to Port Hope. The whole country round about became the theatre of the wildest excitement.

Men on horseback scampered hither and thither, scattering highly seasoned reports of the approach of the enemy.

The captain was the lion of the hour—a hero worthy of all honor.

Securing a horse this hero galloped off several miles into the country to his father's residence, to break the news to the old man.

"Behold me, father!" cried the captain, upon his arrival at the paternal homestead, "as one snatched from the jaws of death!" He then commenced to tell the story of his escape.

"Have you saved the boat?" asked the parent, ignoring all sentiment and coming bluntly to a subject that touched his pocket.

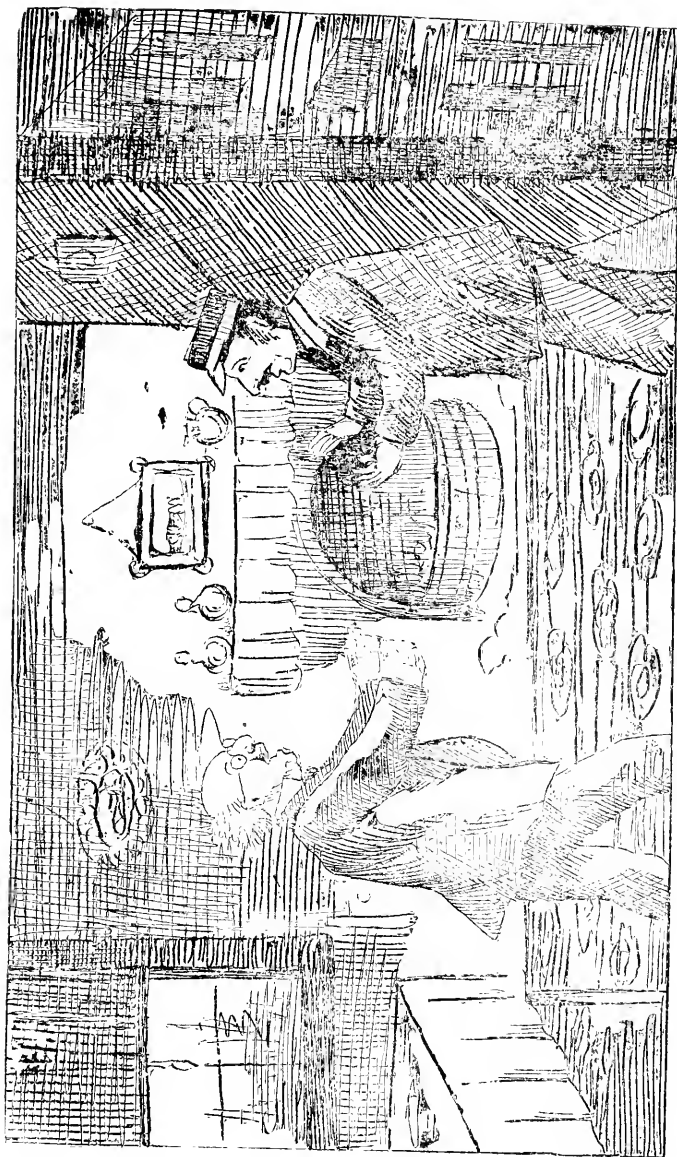
"Yes, I fought for it and saved it from the hands of the Fenians!" replied the son.

"Come to my arms, my brave, my noble boy; you are a chip off the old block, and possess the courage of a true Briton; tell us all about it."

Then the young captain told his parent how, by his own valorous behavior, backed by the loyalty of his crew, he had beaten off the enemy and saved his twenty thousand dollar boat.

In the meantime, it soon became apparent to the inhabitants of Port Hope and Cobourg that the means at hand were totally inadequate to repulse the enemy.

Only one gun did Port Hope possess, which from time immemorial had done duty for saluting purposes, and no man could tell how it would act if loaded with a cannon ball or a heavy stone. Cannon balls they had none, and the only ammunition at hand was the powder sold at the stores for hunting purposes. Of shot guns there were quite a number, and also a few old military



Captain Maple Greets his Father.

muskets ; but of what avail could these be in opposing an enemy armed with 32-pounders and howitzers, backed by hordes of Fenians carrying modern breech-loaders ?

Impromptu meetings were speedily held by the leading citizens at both towns, and it was decided to blockade the entrances to the harbors by stretching across them long chains. This was soon done.

The women and children of the two towns were huddled off into the woods in the rear, and men in bunches took to the hills, or vantage grounds, to await the appearance of the steamer "Lion," which it was expected would lay the town in heaps of ruins or secure an unconditional surrender of the inhabitants.

What gave additional color to the reports of Captain Maple, was the non-appearance of the "Lion" on her usual trip (she being laid over for repairs), on the morning of the scare. All day long the people of Port Hope and Cobourg scanned the horizon and every time a speck appeared it was declared to be the "Lion" with her hostile cargo.

In answer to telegrams for troops from distant points, word was sent that assistance should be forwarded with the least possible delay.

But the military were scattered at remote parts of the country and could not be withdrawn from positions already threatened by the enemy.

The expected bombardment of Port Hope and Cobourg carried consternation throughout Canada, and many were the messages of advice and counsel sent from

patriots afar off telling the authorities what was best to be done under the circumstances.

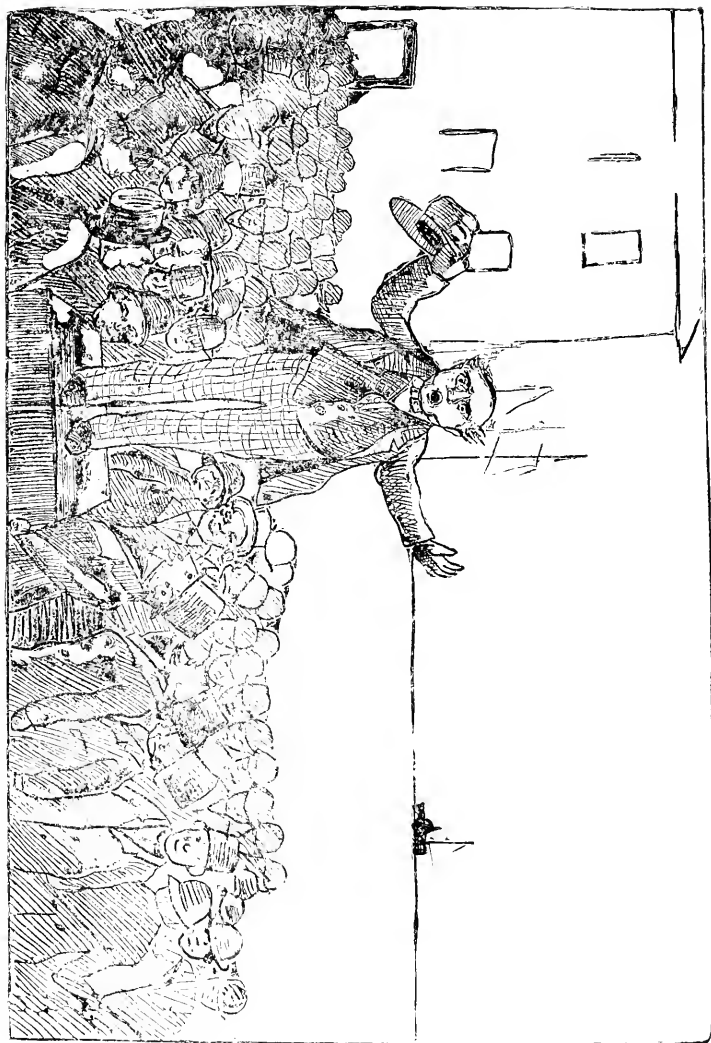
Little consolation, however, could be obtained by those anxious to defend their homes and country along the shores of Port Hope and Cobourg.

Some there were who declared their readiness to lay down their lives in resisting the attack of the Fenians, but these brave spirits were actuated to express these noble sentiments from a too frequent application of old "Rye" or "Malt," it being considered by those worthies an occasion that called for more than their usual daily stimulation.

At Cobourg the populace was roused to patriotic enthusiasm by the father of Captain Maple, who made the following speech to the terror-stricken citizens :

"MEN OF COBOURG :—Let us make heroic efforts to save our beloved town from the hands of the ignoble enemy. Let us follow the example of my patriotic son, the captain of the 'Tiger,' who, notwithstanding that his vessel lay at the dock in the enemy's country, gallantly fought the invaders, who had the temerity to attempt the capture of his boat. Fellow Citizens ! Pardon my exultation at the noble conduct of my only son, by whose brave and energetic action, we are warned of the enemy's approach. Let each man arm himself with what weapons he can obtain, and let our battle cry be for God, Liberty and Cobourg !"

Old Maple Addresses the People.





This speech was received with loud acclamations by the people, and Alderman Carbuncle arose, and amid continued cheering said :

"FELLOW SUBJECTS :—As you are all aware, this is a time that calls for all the patriotism we can muster, and as a direct descendant of an United Empire loyalist, I for one am ready to bleed, and if necessary die, in defending those glorious privileges which were handed down to us by our fathers. Need I say, fellow patriots, that one of the first and foremost of these privileges is our dependence upon and adhesion to the British Throne? Let us thank God that we are part and parcel of the greatest Empire the sun has ever shone upon."

A voice from the crowd—"But that ain't a goin' to get us out of our present scrape!"

Alderman Carbuncle—"Oh, yes it is! Do you think for a moment that Her Britannic Majesty, by and with the consent of the House of Commons and that august, ancient and most noble body, known throughout the world as the House of Lords, will see Canada insulted, invaded—not to say vanquished—by a horde of Yankee malcontents, who are at war with the fundamental principles of civilized society? No, gentlemen, there is little danger of it. I give you my word that ere yonder sun shall go down behind the distant foliage, our noble town will be relieved by the invincible forces of the Imperial Army and no Fenian dare approach these shores."

Other speeches were made by prominent men of Cobourg, which had the effect of arousing the people to the highest pitch of patriotism.

In the meantime a spec appeared in the distant horizon. Every eye gazed eagerly in that direction and soon the cry went forth: "Here comes the 'Lion!' To arms! to arms!"

Telescopes and opera glasses were brought into requisition.

"The decks are crowded with troops!" cried one excitedly from the top of a wood pile.

"I see cannon frowning from the port holes!" shouted another.

"Boys!" cried Dick Bonniface, with a look that seemed to say—I might as well give my liquor to my friends as to have it all consumed by the enemy—"boys! all hands come and take a drink; it may be our last one!"

"Hurrah for Bonniface!" cried everybody, and away they went, returning in a few minutes to watch the incoming steamer.

Among the crowd were a large number of men, who, since the first reception of the news of the Fenian approach had improved the occasion for indulging in conviviality at different bar-rooms.

Among these were many who had nothing to lose in case of a bombardment, while others had a secret delight at the prospect of the country falling into the

hands of the Fenians with whom they sympathized, though they were careful to conceal their sentiments.

These fellows had a good time at the expense of the timid ones who, in order to "keep their spirits up kept pouring spirits down," and setting them up for the boys.

As the steamer approached, fresh evidences of her hostile character presented themselves in the excited minds of the spectators, who never ceased peering at her through every species of telescope to be found in the town.

The brave and loyal Alderman Carbone took upon himself the command of the forces, and exceedingly fierce that gentleman looked with his scarlet face of pimples and purple nose whose color was intensified by sundry and frequent applications of whisky-hot that the owner applied.

Having marshalled his forces to the number of about one hundred men armed with shot-guns, rifles and pistols, Alderman Carbone called upon Dick Boniface to pass around a few bottles of his best old rye, and the men having drank a bumper were ordered to take up positions amid the wood and lumber piles, old shanties, etc., as near the dock as possible.

In an incredibly short time every man had vanished to his post, the citizens who were unarmed, the women and children who had not gone into the woods hid themselves in cellars and other places of safety.

Not a soul was to be seen anywhere and a profound silence reigned throughout the town.

Nearer and nearer approached the steamer.

While a large number of the townsmen had been arming under the direction of Alderman Carbuncle, certain others, averse to war and its consequent horrors, had made up their minds to quite another line of action. They argued—and not without some show of reason—that any resistance to an armed body of men, possessing cannon and the best of firearms, with which they could speedily lay the town in ruins and kill many of its people, was flying in the face of Providence. They therefore made up their minds that as soon as the steamer came within cannon shot of the port they would hoist a white flag of surrender from the summit of the town hall.

Procuring a bed sheet, they fastened it to the halyards of the flag pole and at the proper time, let it float upon the breeze.

This proper time was when the steamer sailed majestically into the harbor at her usual hour.

Not a shot was fired at the steamer, which made no other demonstration than to land a few passengers upon the wharf, and was upon the point of continuing her journey to Port Hope, when the army of Cobourg emerged from its hiding place and ran towards the steamer.

Charlie Craig stood upon the upper deck smoking a cigar, and seemed to be in the happiest of humors.

“Hello, boys!” cried he, pointing with his finger to the great white flag floating from City Hall, “what’s the meaning of that?”

The armed men turned their heads and beheld the token of surrender, while Alderman Carbuacle, after storming and swearing a few moments gave orders for some one to go and pull down "that cowardly rag."

"What is the matter with you folks, anyhow? What's the trouble, and what are you going to do with those shooting irons?" shouted Craig, trying hard to keep from laughing.

"Where are the Fenians? Tell us that!" cried some one in the crowd.

"I haven't seen any Fenians!" cried Charlie Craig.

"No Fenians?" yelled out old Mapie, "where's that son of mine?" and seizing a big stick he went for Captain Maple, of the "Tiger," and swore he would beat him to a jelly.

The young captain, however, realizing that he had been sold, made a break for the woods.

The people, seeing old Mapie running with a big stick in his hand, commenced running with him also.

The drunken citizens, seeing there was no necessity for war, fired off their pieces in the air, making a great noise and causing a large number of people of the opposite end of the town to imagine the Fenians had landed.

In the meantime, old Mapie spied out his son and went for him, followed by a whooping and yelling crowd.

The crew of the "Tiger," who were half drunk, seeing harm was threatened to their captain, determined to



The Battle of Cobourg.

protect him, and pretty soon there was a big free fight. As we have said, many of the citizens were under the impression that the Fenians had actually landed and were fighting their way to take possession of the public buildings and clean out the banks.

Old Maple, who, having seen the merry twinkle in Craig's eye as the latter spoke from the deck of the steamer, had taken in the situation at a glance, and the thought that his son had been the victim of a great practical joke for the purpose of driving him off the steamboat route, made him perfectly wild.

Seizing his son by the coat collar the father shook him like a dog does a rat, calling him all the hard names he could think of.

Then some one, to increase the old man's fury, threw a head of cabbage at him, which, striking him in the mouth, made him still more furious.

He ran into the crowd striking right and left, knocking down all who came in his way, which caused the fight to become general.

Many were in dead earnest but a great number, for the sport of the thing, jostled themselves together and fired off their fire-arms in the air in order to add to the terrible confusion.

In the meantime, horsemen at the other end of the town seeing the conflict, and being quite sure in their own minds that a battle with the Fenians was going on, scampered off to Port Hope with the news.

The Cobourg telegraph operator, without any intention of further alarming the Port Hope people, innocently sent a dispatch to that town, saying :

“ There is a big fight going on here ! ”

The message, arriving at the time when the citizens of Port Hope were straining their eyes at the steamer “ Lion,” then in sight, filled them with the greatest consternation, for it was evident that the “ Lion ” had landed part of her troops at Cobourg and would soon land the others at their own town.

Men with telescopes declared they saw cannons on board of her and that her decks were crowded with troops.

No one cared to remain near the wharf to be shot at ; and those that had no guns ran to the tops of the hills, among the trees, to witness the bombardment, while those who were armed with rifles hid themselves amid the lumber piles.

News had somehow got wind that Charlie Craig had turned Fenian and was in command of the hostile expedition ; and, as he was well-known among the Port Hope people, and moreover was a great favorite, it was determined by a number of the leading citizens at the last moment that a white flag should be hoisted at the end of the pier, at which the steamer usually landed, and that a deputation should wait on Charlie Craig and offer terms ; thinking it better to surrender the town to one they knew than submit to a bombardment.

“ Let us be prisoners of war rather than dead men,” argued the city fathers, “ for at most we cannot remain



long in the power of the enemy, for the Imperial troops will soon arrive and properly chastise the audacious Fenians."

No one cared, however, to stand by the flag of truce, and in a short time the steamer "Lion" swept serenely through the chain barrier, which snapped like a cord, into her place at the pier, when Charlie Craig and a number of passengers coolly came on shore.

They walked quietly along the deserted docks, (for those who had hid themselves amid the lumber piles were ashamed to come from their retreats), and Charlie Craig, going to the telegraph office, boiling over with fun, dispatched the following message to Captain Crystal, Queen's Hotel, Toronto :

"I will trouble you for a new silk hat.

CHARLES CRAIG."

To which in the course of half an hour the following answer came :

"TO CHARLES CRAIG, PORT HOPE :

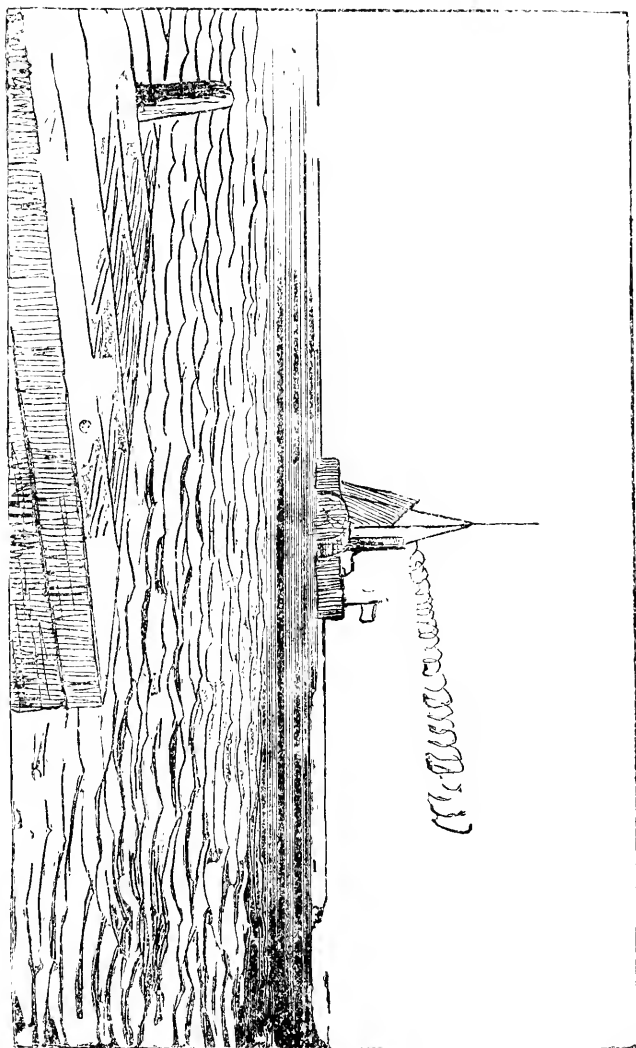
"You deserve the lad. Go back home. Troops are mustering here for Cobourg, and you may get hanged.

J. CRYSTAL."

It soon became known that the captain of the steamer "Tiger" had been the victim of a very unique practical joke.

Orders were sent to Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and other points, countermanding the requisitions for troops, but too late.

Escape of the Chief Conspirators.



Soldiers began pouring in by every train, and Charlie Craig was wise in getting back to Charlotte as quickly as he did, or he no doubt would have been interviewed by some of the red-coated gentry, and made to stand treat upon a rather magnificent scale.

And now, gentle reader, having given you the particulars concerning the fall of Port Hope and Cobourg, it becomes a pertinent question with all interested in the progress of Fenianism, to consider whether, in case of a future invasion of Canada, either of the aforesaid towns would be the most salient points of attack, or whether it would be better to enter Her Britannic Majesty's Dominion by way of Hudson Bay. Not in the winter time, gentle reader, when there would be a danger of being gobbled up by polar bears, but in the gentle spring or summer time, when, perchance, from excessive heat the Canadian military weazle may be caught asleep, and the Fenian army thus be enabled to pass unnoticed through the back door of Canada, and never be discovered until it was in full possession of Manitoba Province, from which point of vantage it might dictate terms to the whole civilized globe.

THE END.



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# "MARY'S GONE WITH A COON" SONGSTER.

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